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look at everything, yet see nothing, are bound to be perturbed in the presence of nervous ferocity, such as a hundred years ago Goya possessed, and it becomes a huge task to make them believe that while painting is personally expressive, it is something vastly more than pictorial.

When art bewilders the multitude the cry is "Bad art!" But why not a like slogan when politics, science or theology is in a fog? So many are baffled by impressionistic painting because they are uneducated as far as alertness of observation goes, or because thinking makes them tired. Some day, when they can see nature in free inadvertence, when they can look with kindly scorn on the finesse of execution, and when they learn to accept with reverence the definitive statement of the artist as they do now the dictum of a doctor,—then modern intelligence will go hand in hand with modern impressionism.

Perish all thought of a School of Impressionists! There is, as Whistler said, no school or art of any sort. And then he asked: "Is an artist an *aërolite*?" Gradually must that atrophy of individuality that creeps in with piecemeal observation and the scrupulous collection of *disjecta membra*, yield to modern art education. Recruits are learning that outside of traditions, studios and lectures, there are "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." A few misguided and obtuse minds still think rudimentary work is synonymous with simplicity, bad drawing with freedom and unseemly haste with intensity; but the elect are well assured that a great artist will see things truly, feel them justly and do them simply.

What keen joy to feel that all art is impressionism, all artists impressionists. It reminds us of that great scene in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," where M. Jourdain exclaims to his philosophical teacher: "Have I been talking prose all these forty years and not known it until now?"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SELECTION OF SIR C. PURDON CLARKE.

The new Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art augurs great possibilities for the future of this institution, which has become more national than metropolitan in its scope and influence. It indicates the present policy of the Museum management to widen its old-time conservatism to a broader and more liberal view. Sir Purdon is a man of eminently practical qualification, of remarkable organizing ability and endowed with great administrative capacity.

While some Americans have been suggested for this important post, it must be remembered that the old saying: "Art knows no country," applies here. Unqualifiedly the best man has been chosen. His work as Director of the South Kensington Museum in London demonstrates this assertion. I do not believe there is a single man in America who could fill the bill so well as will Sir Purdon Clarke. Without question he is the ablest available man in the world for the position, and under his direction the Museum will surely become the great educational institution it was designed to be. The Directors are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice.

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Apropos des bottes, what has all this caterwauling been about the Museum collections? We have heard some horrible Saturday night screechings and hysterical clamor to turn the Museum upside down—as if the first self-styled expert that comes along should have the last word to say in the attributions of our Museum pictures. Questions of attribution are constantly opened and re-opened here and abroad. The Metropolitan does not stand alone in these attacks, which are often leveled at paintings in the Louvre, Berlin, Vienna, London and everywhere, for that matter. Dr. Bode disagrees with Morelli, Berenson assails Vassari, and so the merry dance goes on.

More about this some future time.

THE COLOR SUPPLEMENT

"A frail sheet of paper sometimes proves far more durable than paintings on canvas," observed a well-known print collector the other day.

Without digressing on the paradoxical side of this statement I may add that the artistic reproduction of a painting on canvas widens the enjoyment of the original painting by bringing its beauty into the homes of thousands.

A process of but recent origin has enlarged the possibilities of this extended enjoyment. The so-called three-color process as introduced by the Osborne Company is by far the best method for a faithful counterfeit or facsimile of the original. It is taking the place of lithography to the extent that the most conservative magazines, like the *Century*, have adopted this process for full-color illustrations.

As may be seen in the color supplement which accompanies this number the reproduction is one which charms by its tonality, by the richness of its textures, the play of light and shade, the relief of the modelling. It is suggestive in somewhat the sense that etching is suggestive, but is more fairly comparable to mezzotint with its velvety darks and soft sub-tones, grading subtly into the high lights of the composition. It is impossible to give a description of the process, which really is color-photography, for there are mechanical details connected with the printing which are part of the secret of the process. The original painting, however, is put before the camera and by the interposition of a screen a plate is made which retains the negative of every shade or tone with yellow in it. Then a second plate is made which cuts out all but the red; a third leaves only the blue on the sensitized film. These plates are transferred on copper and the color printing takes place. It is noticed that only the three primary colors are used, the combination of which reproduces the tones and shades of the painting faithfully.

The Osborne Company has gone, however, a step beyond the commercial side of furnishing reproductions. It has hit on a scheme which secures to them original work for reproduction, which is of high artistic merit. To secure subjects of merit the Company held in 1903 an artist's competition, to which hundreds of artists sent canvases. Again a second competition was held in October of last year. On these occasions \$2,000 was awarded in prizes for the five best paintings selected by a competent jury. An additional prize of \$1,000 was offered for the best calendar subject chosen by a popular vote, while many other meritorious canvases were purchased. As a result the Osborne Art Calendars contain pictures of distinct merit, admirably reproduced. The calendars, thereby, are not trivial or characterless, but have character and dignity and make a favorable impression. An office is beautified by these artistic prints.

Walter C. Hartson, the painter who produced the canvas whereof the color supplement is a facsimile, has forged to himself a place among the best of our American artists. He paints with a free and decided brush, and is especially attracted to the atmospheric effects of the moist lowlands, or the subtle delicate softness of tints, which makes the Dutch landscape so attractive. He possesses individuality and distinction, and is thoroughly in sympathy with the charms of his subjects. His merit has been recognized by many medallion honors, while the award of the \$500 landscape prize in the Osborne competition conferred an enviable distinction upon him.

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In a letter from Winslow Homer the famous artist states: "I paint very few things. I have only painted two pictures in two years." It is interesting to hear this authoritative statement from the rock-bound coast of Maine, of which this most famous of our living American painters is a habitant, and it accounts for the scarcity of his work now in the market.